Ratz

M C Chris

this one goes out to all the cuties in the quad, walking kitty corner with the itty bitty bod, telescopin out the window, waxin wise, while you walk, i stalk the fox box to the party on lock, security check soon my id's inspected, in the elevator waiting to get wrecked, open the door then get floored by the heat, you get passed a jay while they play paul's boutique, get a plastic cup and ice unless you like it neat, all the girl's stand up, all the guys take seats, smoke fills the air, you fill in denise, on your major, on your minor, on the middle east for sheeza, high plains drifter this sorority sister, let the belt loop lead you to the liquor elixirs, smellin better than i bubble gum scratch and sniff sticker, we lick, shoot suck, then duck out even quicker. a mad dash to my crib, 'cause my roomie is a geek, he's playing galaxies, makin friends on dantooine, so, i'm climbing up a tree, beers clinging to my teeth, miss the window ledge, hit the hedge, land upon my keys. (chrous) i am a dorm rat, that is the fact, jack, lookin at incense, playin with warm wax, hittin on the honeys at the vending machine, one hitters, tray dinners, all you need's an id. plaid pajama bottoms or plaid pleated skirts, everything you girl's wear makes me stare at the dirt, if i had balls i'd flirt with y'all in study hall, do the geek talk till your eyes roll back into your skull, but i'm a freek, spelled f-r double three k, when you're walking my way with my pockets i play, i can't say what's yer name, care to chat for a bit, it's me brian, that guy, from that class, russian lit? care to sit, have a chip, care for some fun dip, doystoyefsky doesn't impress me, what do you think of that shit? but i don't i just twitch and i itch in my pants, play my gameboy advance until she's finally walked past. a mad dash to my crib where i get on my blog, in search of spock dot com check it out if you want, that's the steam blowin scene where i reign supreme, webster's my friendster, i run the message board for ween, it's a mental mall for teens, it's a paradise on earth, but in a way it's like a curse, faster than a google search, i just sit here and drink beer while my roommate flirts at some party, with some hottie who's all into fred durst, it makes my heart burst, and yet i do nothing, just get on the web and start bitchin and frontin, a dot com curmudgeon, who's love life is sufferin, it's the rope or the oven, or the hope i find love in the end. (chorus) i am lab rat that is a sad fact, shining my test tubes, crying in restrooms, dorm life blows if you've got no place to go, i'll call my mother everyday, i say i wanna go home.

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